

# *Sketch*

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## Beauty

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## Beauty

it's beautiful  
black as... oh i don't know  
black as only those things can be.  
and the silver;  
it glints in the lights,  
winks up at me  
from beneath a cacophony of color  
a riot of flowers  
reds and blues and whites  
and maybe some yellows  
(it's hard remembering)  
a flag of flowers  
like he was a war hero  
or an astronaut  
or something.  
maybe he would have been;  
he loved planes,  
loved the sky  
but the earth held him  
rooted him with form,  
let him grow a little while  
then blew him over.  
and me?  
i'm standing above this  
beautiful thing  
facing a sea:

upturned, expectant faces  
and thinking that maybe they are  
a little too dry around the eyes.  
some nod  
some smile  
or cry  
but some merely sit  
and listen.  
a child asks a question,  
loudly,  
is hushed  
embarrassed eyes return  
to me  
apologetic  
but maybe that kid  
had more to say than i.  
soon, i am done.  
i sit,  
and now i'm looking at it  
from a different angle  
but it's still beautiful.  
after, there's music.  
but it seems mostly silent  
as the eight of us  
carry it  
(heavy, you know, but perhaps

not as heavy as it should been)  
to the waiting car.  
later, when it's cold  
and the snow is muddy slush  
in the tracks of the backhoe  
we stand  
next to a mound of frozen dirt  
over which someone thoughtful  
had thrown a green blanket.  
we place carnations with the flowers  
on the lid  
stand silent and still  
in the wind  
that blows hard little flakes of snow  
over our hunched shoulders  
and watch them lower it, flowers and all,  
into dead earth.  
later, much later  
i sit above that patch of land  
over brown spots where the sod didn't take  
on my haunches,  
maybe playing with a daffodil  
or a small ceramic bunny  
that someone else left  
as a birthday present  
and i look down

down through feet of soil and roots  
earthworms  
but i can't see  
that beautiful black box.

Jessi Spaulding



*photography*  
7"x5"

**Jamaica**

*sketch*